

# MURDER ENACTED ON CAMPUS

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## FLUSH

IF IT'S TRUTH IT'S LIBEL

PUBLISHED FOR PLEASURE OF SALACIOUS STUDENTS

VOL. XLVII, No. 24

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 23, 1957

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### Free Love Still Rampant On Campus

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### Rape Charged At Studio T

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### Queen Swiped, Flush Editor Accused, Eng. Get Her Back



The body of Chance Grabber, beautiful crusader and performer as it was found early Monday morning near SUB. Inquest pronounced death due to poison pinning.



Prof Lamarquin Spouts

Missing Link  
Discovered At  
Zoolog Meeting

"Recent zoological findings indicate that man is the missing link between the primitive monkeys and the gorilla," Professor R. C. Lamarquin noted University of Alberta zoologist, told a gathering of students assembled for the eighteenth annual meeting of the Zoological Society in the Medical building tower at 2 a.m. last Sunday.

The new theory, originally stemming from new insight in the field of mammalian bone structure, is borne out by Dr. Lamarquin's own observations.

"Within my own lifetime, I have seen unmistakable evidence of the present rapid evolution from missing link (man) to true gorilla," said Profesor Lamarquin.

"Stroll down Saskatchewan Drive, near the University, almost any day of the week, or take up observation from an upper floor in the Agricultural building and you ill see university students, usually wearing the familiar blue jacket, climbing trees along the riverbank", continued Professor Lamarquin. "The number of students engaging in such activity has shown small but statistically significant increase over the years" he added.

Our increasing tendency to use chattering sounds and gestures instead of talk, and the increasing success of university males entering the beard-growing contest, the latter showing a general trend towards more bodily hair, were facts also cited by Dr. Lamarquin in support of his thesis.

Although Dr. Lamarquin had compiled overwhelming evidence in support of his theory, one point continued to puzzle your reporter. "If humans are evolving into gorillas, how is it that we already have gorillas?" we asked.

The answer was that the present-day gorilla had evolved from men who lived thousands of years ago. These men were like us in all respects except that they evolved more rapidly.

"For reasons not yet fully understood, not all members of a species evolve at the same rate", explained Professor Lamarquin. "Present day man belongs to a strain of late-evolving homo sapiens." All other strains evolved into gorillas before the last Ice Age."

Nevertheless, the cumulative weight of evidence shows that man's final evolution, though long delayed, is now taking place with great rapidity.

"Present indications are that there will be no more men two hundred years from now, just gorillas," Profesor Lamarquin concluded.

Brutal Campus Crime  
Snuffs Life Of Performer

Sexy Crusader Against  
Maternities Murdered,  
Decapitated Body Found  
Near SUB As Suitor  
Screams For Revenge  
Against IFC Suspects

U of A (EP) One of the most brutal crimes in the history of the University of Alberta was committed Monday night, when Chance Grabber, beautiful young stage performer, was murdered in the alley next to SUB. The beautiful bombshell was well known for her single-handed crusade against Maternities (functions self-explanatory).

The body was found early Tuesday morning by passers-by who described the scene as "touching." The Campus policeman, who was on the scene within days, informed Flush newsmen that it smacked of the work of the Itsy Footsy Crime bureau, for the weapon was a poisoned diaper pin. Autopsy showed that the pinning took place around 3:00 a.m.

Stark Nakedson, boss of Itsy Footsy Crime, said in a prepared statement to the Police that it was inevitable that Miss Grabber should meet this fate. Said Stark, "To say that her statements regarding Maternities were bigatous misrepresentations would be to question her integrity for the truth. This I would never think of doing. I would rather like to believe that they were honest opinions made by her out of lack of fear for her own skin, and too much honest information. We had to get rid of her, for we could not logically refute her accusations as long as the rampant stocking clug was weighing the evidence."

Peeved Tweeterson, known in gang circles as the Pied Piper, upon hearing of the atrocities committed, stated that he would wreak revenge on the doer of this ill deed, and bear out the fight against those vain institutions which brought about the performer's death.

Before her unfortunate ending, the famous Miss Grabber had been crusading for the abolishment of Maternities, explaining that the babies which they turned out were stereotypes and robots. In outspoken speeches to the rampant stocking club and PUS, she had said; "The infants turned out by these organizations learn only how to be popular, sleep with a "right crowd," wolf whistle to the "right nurses," and express the "right gurgles." None of the graduands of these houses show any originality in sucking the bottles, and as well show a tendency of hoarding

the contents."

She repeatedly pointed to Saskatchewan (a barren land as a place where Maternal organizations are virtually nonexistent, and where campus spirits are much more evenly spread.

"If you must be borne into a Maternity," the late Chance concluded, "enter with the thought to reform them. Don't be a stereotype . . . Come out feet first!" It was apparently these statements that Mr. Nakedson referred to when he spoke of the necessity of the crusader's elimination.

Miss Grabber will be sincerely missed by her many friends and admirers in the rampant Stocking club, PUS, Pie Krapers, Varsity Vanities, and the pitch-fork Aggies.

District Chronic Dr. M. Soxo has stated that an inquest will be held.

A Flush First

ENGINEERS' QUEENS  
INTIMATELY EXPOSED



Now Flush dares to reveal the most intimate parts of a queen ever to be seen in print . . . Taking the meticulous inspection of the Orifice, that revealing medical journal published on the campus in the interests of science (and shocking nurses), Flush has gone even further; into the realm that only Freud had before dared to travel—the brain!

Here is a once-beautiful engineer's queen with her make-up off! Revealed are those rough features, the hollow brain (a necessity if she runs for queen) and vacant eyes. Gone is the flowing hair, and the thrilling lips, the faint flush of the cheeks and the seductive perfume of the . . . well, anyway the perfume.

Are these accessories? Could this be where the ESS sinks the thousands spent during Queen week?



# FLUSH

IF IT'S TRUE, IT'S LIBEL

Editor-in-Chief none of your cotton-picking business  
 Production Editor Edmonton Refuse Dept.  
 Copy Editor fired yesterday  
 Law Suits D. E. Anbowker  
 Scandal Suits A. Bryan  
 Business Suits La Fleche Bros., made to order  
 Meals Lister's Lunches, not made to order

FINAL COPY DEAD

Published by The Gateway . . . . .  
 (Official publication of the Students' Union, University of Alberta,  
 Edmonton, Alberta, Bob Kubicek, Editor)

FLUSH EDITOR: Ian Spence; STAFF: Colin Campbell

## Stress And Strains

Why should there be in this modern age so much stress put upon women's bustlines?

Naturally we do not presume to suggest that a woman's breast is not one of the focal points for the male eye. Artists and photographers alike have made the bust the great dividing line in their works of art. We do not quarrel with this practice.

Yet there is altogether too much emphasis on the quantity of this secondary sexual characteristic. This we feel is harmful in the sheltered life of an average university student.

For a girl to be a success socially at this university she must possess adequately large bust measurements. Such measurements seem to denote personality, femininity, total sex appeal and a girl's value as a woman. Thus the size of a bustline has taken on great significance in our democratic society.

Through advertising techniques in magazines and newspapers women are offered at least eighteen different remedies for defects in their figures. Such things as cotton batten, sponge rubber, compressed air, and other synthetic materials including stimulating salves and unguents are on the market.

It is not surprising that such articles are in great demand. After all, when a girl's date life hangs in the balance and the source of her self-assurance is questioned, if she does not come up to the size she must take drastic measures.

Because of this false overemphasis in present society a generation of girls with inferiority complexes has been produced.

What actual help are the above mentioned artificial remedies? A girl who wears appendages still realizes she has the same amount of femininity as before. Usually her girlfriends and some male acquaintances are aware of the unreality of the situation. Why then should it be necessary for a girl to submit to social pressure and try to keep up appearance? Abnormal stimulants result in quantity without quality.

Flush advocates that students awaken to the responsibility before then and campaign for truth in all things. We must stop encouraging women to put up a false front thus eliminating the natural distinctions and variations that nature originally created.

## Censor Censorship!

We, acting in the best interests of our readers, see fit to discuss and cuss in this edition a dangerous trend in Canadian university circles. We refer, of course, to this year's topic for the debating trophy, the Goon cup.

The issue, for this rabble rousing debate, was, "Resolved that in the best interests of democracy, governing bodies should be denied all powers of censorship". Alberta's own General Light Horse Lennie Lee and the Reverend "Lovable" Roberts, are, praise be, arguing against this proposition, dedicating themselves in a crusade against bureaucratic bigotry.

What we, the stalwart, upright, clean living, red-blooded, staffers of Flush, object to is the laxness of language used. This debating topic itself is only an indication of the times. The word "censorship" is itself a filthy, despicable, term, and we personally are wholly against it and everything it stands for.

Better that our youth should run riot, and rape in the streets, drink and dance in the pubs, than that they should realize that there is such a word as (ugh) censorship.

"A free press" has been the cry of the multitudes for ages. To this day it still has not been offered to us. We still have to pay outrageous rates to our drycleaners.

Whether this debate on (gaaaaah) censorship, were won or not, is not the point. Now, thanks to the skullduggery of the Western Inter-collegiate debating league, people are thinking about it, weighing it, and considering the pros and cons of it. We view this with horror, disgust, and fear.

## Watch That Bustline



Are they fake? The answer is obvious, say Flush editors. But more important, are they a necessity?

## Saltings

By Brine

"I know that you have never had that experience, but you could at least try to act!" It's fun!"—said Keyboard Beaten, director of the 'Mixti Interchori'. He was referring to the "Drunken Song", part of a sexy ditty called "In Sinner's Forest", by that weedy foreigner, Von Wilhelm Ach. "Drunken Song" has long been banned by the AAA as a refrain which "turns the ways of upright men into a continuous debauchery."

The shock caused to the innocents of the tenor and bass sections was immediately evident when they were first seduced to sing the song. The bases sunk into their boots while the tenors croaked dementedly (an occurrence not unusual for either.)

Spokesman for the AAA was immediately drowned out by Beaten who whipped the female chorus into feverish emotion, (also not uncommon) causing them to scream "pinch him!" at reluctant baritones.

A blatant admittance of his guilt came later when Mr. Beaten introduced a brief Mess—by Palestint, in devious foreign intonations. Was this to atone for his previous sins? It should have been!

It has been pointed out before by a certain Dr. Aino that many shady activities have been encouraged within this group while they travelled about the country, exemplifying he art of singing (and living) in a free style.

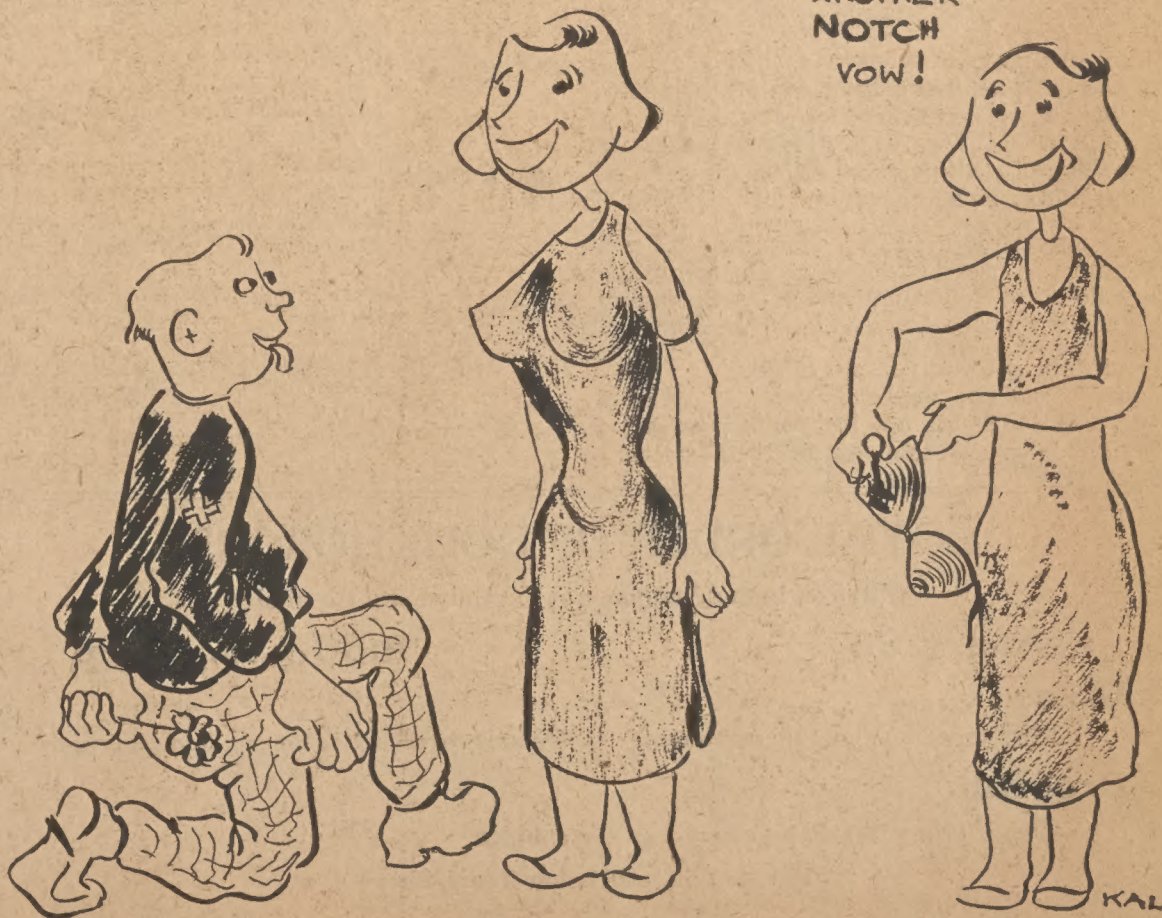
Are the corrupt elements in this society to be allowed to run unchecked? I say no! Flush 'em! See for yourself. The chorus performs next week this sordid selection of songs, touched up with a thin floral embroidery.

But beware of the concert, you may enjoy it!

## NOTICE

NOTICE—If anything in this paper puzzles, pleases, or slanders you, why not write the editor about it? Address all letters in care of Nannook of the North, Box 9583427, Baffin Island, Canada. Don't hold your breath.

## Prefabs



ANOTHER  
NOTCH  
VOW!



# Odious Ode

I've been commissioned in this poem to pan.  
A task well placed, for this author sure can.  
Beginning at the beginning, none is more fitting  
Than saying I'll damn if I can the unwitting.

The administration that's with us gives me a pain,  
As I'm sure it does to all else with a brain.  
The buildings of brick come so fast and so thick  
That to know front from back is somewhat a trick  
(*I always liked 114th street better than 112th street anyway*)

Prime Minister Howe's announcement yet coming,  
Pronounces a commission concerning Nose-thumbng.  
We will tell you now who will be non-resident,  
Number one, on Campus, our globe trotting President.

Concerning a tale of both Dragons and Vandals  
We've dug up the dirt on the latest of scandals.  
Down in a PARK with an absence of hedging,  
The Phi Delts once more were busy depledging.

Around the Med School there've been surveys and assays  
Resulting in an extension of thirty more days.  
But alas for our leaders both Chappel and Manning,  
To put spirit in meds takes more than just planning.  
(Results: 1. survey = substandard.  
2. assay = If you want to goose legally the course  
will have to be gundered.)

There's been a new issue of y"E" old Red Sweater,  
And when you see it, get a load of that letter,  
Engineers at last have had their fond wish,  
Culture now comes writ in Old English.

The Nurses have lately been hustling Phi Kap,  
How far will one stoop to escape residence trap?  
Packing a "pan" can leave one sadly frustrated  
With naught but desire to be happily mated.

For the rest of the bunch we have but one verse;  
Ags, Lawyers, and Dents, they don't come any worse,  
And as for the Eds you can't tell the sex—  
Now who on the campus will we find to pan next?

Additional addenda I feel I must offer  
If I am to win my renown as a scoffer;  
The following groups must at least have my mention,  
As they race madly about claiming attention.

Our Council this year just loves to arrange  
They dearly love to sit and plan change,  
Hoping their work will not be forgot  
They've kept the T.V. set hot on the trot.

Handshake by handshake we've seen the Gold Key  
Welcome the frosh as they juggle their tea.  
They hustle about in their natty blue jackets  
Looking august and stirring up rackets.

Dim in the past there once was a bar,  
On its haunches it stood with gold plated hair,  
Emblematic of something it was to abide  
In SUB, forever, Van Vliet's joy and pride.  
(*Speaking of stuffing, by the time we get a new gym a stuffed  
bear wouldn't be half as effective as a stuffed Van Vliet.*)

It's by special request from the Gateway I write,  
I've hunched over my desk and wasted my night.  
They do the same in the name of intellectuality,  
Disguising their columns with sophmoric finality.

My vitriolic pen has run out of vit,  
A general pall has obscured my wit,  
But I'd like to say in one last condemnation,  
That if you've read this you need fumigation.

## Albertans Take Pride

# Magazine Hails U of A Free Love Society

U of A (EP) Albertans! take pride. U of A is the foremost for once. In what? Free love. According to the January issue of Sir, the popular international magazine, the University of Alberta has the largest and only officially uncondemned society of this type of five chapters in North America.

The society for free love or to use its official name, The Committee for the Furtherance of Free Love, was founded in 1952 and believes in uninhibited love without marriage. All the other chapters throughout the continent follow this precept but our Alberta chapter seems the most flourishing with a membership of over 100.

Apparently the other cults are having trouble with police raids and relations with their neighbors. But according to Sir, the university professors don't wish to make martyrs of the society or drive them underground where more converts will be made.

We quote Sir.  
"That same principle (ed. note—free love) was in force up in Edmonton, Canada, when I last stopped off there. You had to believe in free love sincerely, and practice it in like fashion to stay in favorable standing with the committee. That meant: "The Committee for the Furtherance of Free Love."

Its brash, ardent young members organized smack-dab on the University of Alberta campus! They held several meetings, openly, listened to lectures of the advantages of free love, trial marriage, and no taboo in sex matters. These activities brought frowns from university professors but no official sought to clamp down upon them.

I was told the reason: "We don't want to make martyrs out of them. They already have a membership of one

"The way to a man's heart is through his stomach." —Lucrezia Borgia.

"One man's Mede is another man's Persian." —Alexander the Great.

"Oh that this too, too solid flesh would melt—" —Anthony Steele.

"No use crying over spilt milk." —N.A.D.P.

hundred . . . If we tried to supress them, they'd take to cover—and gain many new converts!"

Sir, we of Flush salute you.

## Red's Queens Will Have 'Real Goods' Next Year



Shape, in bold terms "the real goods," will be the by-word in the choice of engineer queens next year, said herculean dictator Sick Fly in a special disclosure to Flush recently.

Fly, enlarging on his rather startling statement, said "The local photo agencies have grown tired of pinning up the backs of the queens' sweaters to give the desired effect (make mountains out of molehills—ed. note)." Flush also suspects that the corrupt ESS does not have sufficient funds to purchase the well known "improvers" or even sweaters which are too small.

Above, Flush depicts a queen of '58 as approved by Fly "with only enough clothes to display the better points of the candidate, but not enough to give that "covered look."

## LOYAL ORDER OF DOUKHOBORS

will meet in the Penthouse of the University Hospital

January 26

8:30 p.m. sharp

Dress . . .

Male members, bow tie and shoes

Female members, knee sox and pony tails

Program . . .

Dr. S. Trip will give an address on the subject:

"How to Ignore 20 below Temperatures"

(Advt.)



House Ecer Says:

# "A Girl Has To Live And Love These Days"

"Sure, I take my share of the grants and loans", said Lucrezia Borgia, House Ec 3 when asked by Pelvis Presley, Flush reporter. "A girl has to live and love these days," she continued in this startlingly frank interview, "and so I work the racket in this university bracket."

Upon further questioning by Pelvis, Lucrezia, one of those long, low langorous types for which House Ec is so well known stated that with her share of the grants and loans she had just bought herself "one of those dreamy South American men. He's so sexy."

Flush emphatically disapproves of this practice. It is because of this unfair competition offered by imports from south of the border and financed by large grants obtained under false pretences that pure Albertan boys are withering away for lack of opportunity. With Lucrezia, of course the boys wither away too, but mostly from her cooking. Lucrezia's whole family seems to have this fatal charm incidentally and her last date is recovering from an overdose of Lucrezia right now.

Miss Katherine Panfull, Nursing 2, was the next campus student to be interviewed by our dignified reporter. However she declined to answer as she was exemplifying her name at the time. Our reporter retired to fresh air outside.

John T. P. Z. Winterbottom, Law 3, chuckled softly when asked if he had ever obtained a student grant or loan for non-educational uses. "Well now, good suits are always an asset to our faculty and they cost money. But strictly speaking, that's an educational use. It's a necessity for a law student to dress like a law student."

But by far the hottest answers came from a female who must, for the sake of her personal security, remain anonymous. We can tell you however that her initials are all Tearsheet.

"Doll", asked the Pelvis "Are you now, or have you ever, attempted to use funds issued for educational purposes for other interests?" Blowing a cloud of smoke into his eyes she answered yes, and observed that "Where's there's smoke there's fire."

Mr. Pelvis declined to tell his fellow Flush staffers the rest of the interview and as a result has been fired from our noble tabloid. He plans to go into the entertainment business however and we think this significant as he said "That Doll gave me some ideas for doing some stuff besides singing."

## CAMPUS CONFIDENTIAL

Why don't they turn off those lights in front of Pembina at night—or else provide more corners . . . What are the girls trying to hide by wearing knee socks? Whatever it is they're not doing a very good job of it . . . Why were a set of marks sent back to the physiotherapy department? Too many flunks maybe . . . They sure have good parties down East, don't they? Just how much beer does the Southam Trophy hold? . . . And then there are those people who start their weekends on Thursday. Is it any wonder they have those Monday "blues" (to put it politely)? . . . This cold weather seems to have affected a lot of people on the campus. One couple rode to varsity sitting so close together that you could see the steam rise from

the radiator. Makes it warm though, doesn't it? Never mind those mitts or gloves either. Holding hands in SUB is much warmer . . . "Long Johns" are also another cold weather cure. We know of a person who wore his—only they happened to be a little too big around the waist so he tied his old school tie around them. Sometimes patriotism goes a little too far . . . What made the first year engineers go wild at their stag (besides the beer, that is?) . . . If you happened to be downtown after the stag you might have seen a "somewhat inebriated" engineer trying to direct the traffic on Jasper Avenue. How much was the bail? . . . We saw the son of one of the officials appearing in public with a "respectable" prostitute. Perhaps this official believes in giving his children a "liberal education" . . . Why does a certain professor always wear a gown to lecture? Those big pockets are handy for carrying "booze", aren't they? . . . Is it true what they say about Model Parliament? If you ask a certain individual he can probably tell you what party will win the "election" this year . . . Do you know where the yellow went? . . . Who pays for these block heaters for the professors? Ever wonder why your fees were raised this year? . . . Just what goes on behind the closed doors of a certain fraternity house? Where do you hide all those beer bottles, boys? . . . Why does a certain student have a bed, all made up, in the back of his panel? . . . And who was the female student heard earnestly inquiring about the facts of pregnancy and the effects of miscarriage upon women? . . . And why? . . . Do you know that the new administration building is all finished now. Its the new fashion in construction, cardboard walls and plastic windows . . . We hear the EUS had a slave sale some days ago. Someone should tip off the Morality Squad boys . . . Rumor has it that a certain undergraduate organization will again abscond with club funds following last year's example at Club Anton . . . All the new for now, folks. See you next eclipse.

## Scholar Scandalized



Is this a Hungarian You're Aiding, Claus?

## Pembinites Prayers

Lonely refined young man, superior education and breeding, would like to meet refined young lady of similar qualifications. Object—rape.

Separated English lady would like to make connections with better half. Object—conjugation.

Strange young man desires affection. Has worked as a laboratory technician. Apply Mr. Hyde, Box 1.

Old maiden would like to meet young rake. Enjoys checkers, chess, incest, and bridge.

Aging mortician wishes to undertake correspondence, for a change, with a lively young lady. Object—celibacy.

Crochety old man would like to meet crotchety old crone. Object—

## Free Dyeing!

PEA GREEN

Offered to any non-engineer participating in the Queen campaign.

APPLY

Mary Wynne Moar and associates

Hallawe'en.

Farmer's daughter would like to meet travelling shotgun salesman. Will travel.

Refined young lady dachshund, age 39, half a dog high and two dogs long, would like to meet melancholy Great Dane. Object—to play Ophelia to his Hamlet. Will trade snaps for schnapps.

Young married couple, very broad-minded with wide tastes, would like to meet another couple of similar tastes. Object—trade agreement.

Young window - washer would

like to meet woman in room 804 Brescia Apts.

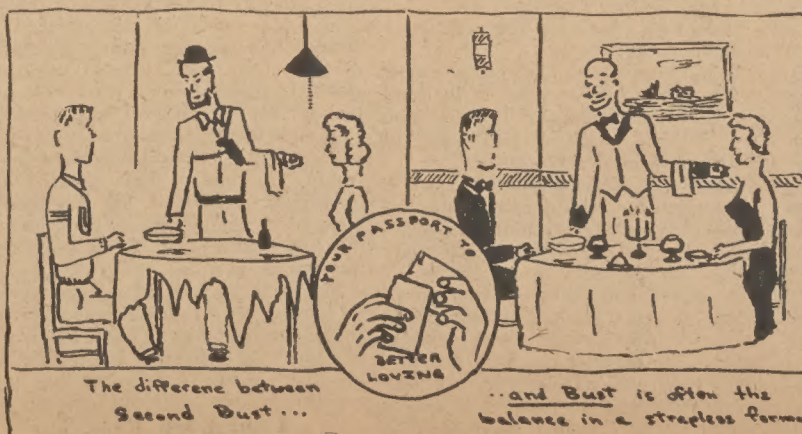
Attractive young resident of room 804 Brescia Apts, would like to meet engaging young window-washer.

Fat lady, 500 pounds, would like to meet broad-minded young man. Reply Box 402, 403, 404, 405.

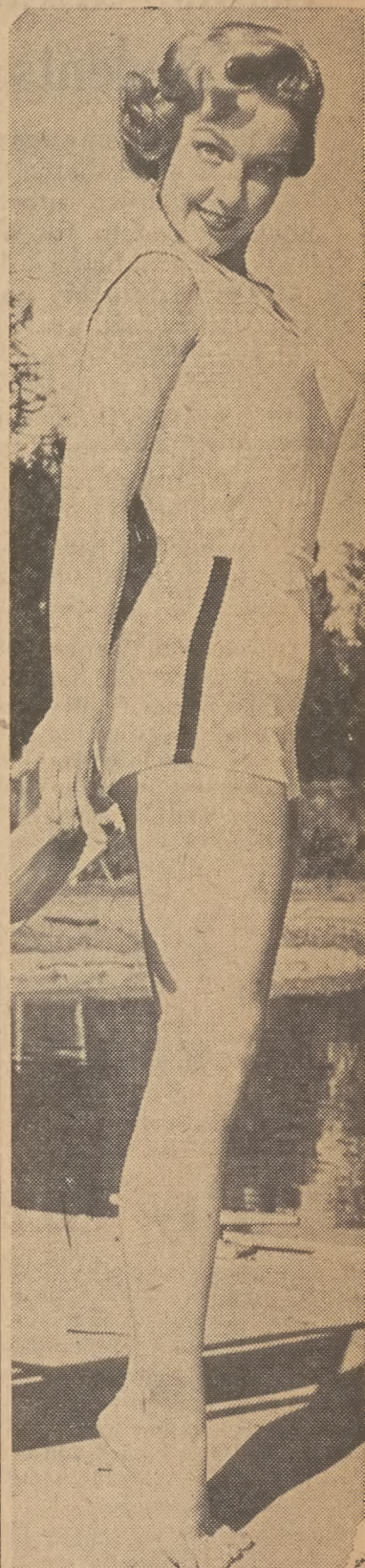
Spring chicken would like to meet brood-minded rooster. No eggheads please.

Middle-aged philatelist would like to mee female Lepidopterist. Object—alimony. Box — yes.

Dying, wealthy widower, would like to meet honest lawyeress. Object—friendship and matrimony, if suited.



## Today's Sports Column



Better Than The Submarine?

Apply now for your Passport to better living at Madam Sympsen's

You'll find these branch offices convenient.

SUB, Tr lounge

Arts 151

Lib 313

Med 364

Ag 250



# Racketeers Dupe Administration

## Loans, Grants Misused For Debauchery As Students Learn To Make Fast Buck

Flush, your newspaper for truth and justice has once again uncovered a campus wide shame that is so hot that it threatens to drag the fair name of Alberta down into the depths. It has discovered an amazing and shocking system for appropriating university funds through which students are financing all forms of vice and scandal.

What ostensibly passes under the innocent name of loans and grants is actually graft, graft that is used or rather misused for fur coats, parties and everything except educational purposes.

The racket is worked roughly as follows. By filling out a form giving your scholastic average and other non-essential and rather personal data, cheques for practically any amount are soon forthcoming from the administration branch that handles grants, loans, bursaries, and scholarships. A certain average entitles the student to only a loan to be repaid after graduation. A slightly higher average brings a 50/50 loan, half of which is an outright gift, the other half to be repaid after graduation. The softest touch of all is the pure grant. No questions about the use of the money are asked after it has been turned over to the student.

Of course the person obtaining this money promptly puts half of the total amount in the bank where he is not only sure of having it when he must pay back the loan portion of the grant but where he also will get a small return on it via interest. The rest of the money may then be used on whatever the student desires. All too frequently he is unable to resist this sudden flow of wealth and invests it in cars, girls, hi-fi sets, girls, liquor, girls, parties, and girls. Girls seem to invest their money in clothes for men.

This sort of ineptitude in the handling of funds designed to further the educational resources of penurious people is criminal in the temptation it offers to pure minded Albertans. Many are the persons, nurtured in careful innocence under our liquor laws, who suddenly find themselves with enough cash to embark on a bacchanalian lost weekend.

### An Engineer Asks

## Why Are Artsmen Deadbeats?

Why are Artsmen deadbeats? This question has often perplexed me. So, with typical sharpness and engineering ingenuity I decided to find out. With pencil, paper, slide rule, and flask, I set out, prepared for any emergency.

The first person I approached was a cute little girl in a parka. "Little girl," I asked, "Could you tell me why are Artsmen deadbeats?" Before I could close my mouth I as flat on my back and my left shoulder was dislocated. I had met up with the nemesis of all engineers, the female Judo club member!

However, I scraped myself off the sidewalk and continued, undaunted, in my quest.

The next person that I met was a tall, thin anemic individual with a consumption-like cough. I asked him my question.

"I must have a moment of serious mental consideration before I undertake to stake my reputation in order to answer as minutely as possible this momentous querie!" Horrors! It was a Lawyer!

I left him, still spouting away, and cleaned my shoes. Then I saw a sexy little babe sitting on the steps of the library. "Pardon me, madam, but could you answer a question for me?"

"Hello there, handsome," she answered. "You are an engineer aren't you?" She crossed her legs coyly, showing me her knee socks. "Come over here for a minute!" Oh, these House Ec kinds! I never did find out the answer for my survey, but I sure learned a lot of other things!

Much later I ran across a stunned-looking character, coming from the south. "Pardon me sir, can you tell

me why artsmen are deadbeats?"

"Duuuhh?" It was an Education student. I realized that any further questioning would be useless.

I then put on my gas mask and ventured into the Medical building. The first fellow I met was paring his nails with a rusty scalpel. I asked him the question.

"Hmmm. Say that again."

I repeated my question.

"Tsk, ts, That's too bad! A nasty case, that's for sure!"

"What's wrong?" I asked, worried. "You poor fellow, you! You don't realize what's wrong with you. You are afflicted with a bad case of inarticulate chalcopryrrhotitis!"

"Tarwhosit Chalcohowsat again?"

"Inarticulate chalcopryrrhotitis. I would advise an immediate operation."

He started whetting his rusty scalpel on the seat of his pants. I hurriedly dashed down to the men's room, where I saw a bucktoothed character picking his teeth with a tiepin. He started clacking his decayed teeth when he saw me coming. In his left hand he fondled a bloody pair of pliers "At last, some one has

Look at the figures of the past. Al Capone, synonymous with crime, was a quiet, lawabiding citizen until, in his third year at college he asked for, and obtained a grant. From then on his life slowly became a story of corruption.

If this wedge of immorality is not checked and restricted it will run to extremes in the same manner. Flush demands that such a racket and its racketeers be flushed from the U of A.

come to our little clinic! Ha, ha, ha, ha!" He started foaming at the mouth. It liiker like Pepsodent. But at the general direction of my teeth I when he started flailing those pliers decided it was time to get out of there.

The next person I approached was a young giddy female.

"Could you tell me, ma'am, why artsmen are deadbeats?"

"Tee hee hee!"

That was an answer? I tried again.

"Tee hee hee!" It was obvious that I wasn't getting anywhere with this Ed student. I was about to leave when she exclaimed, Oh, you doll, you!"

I stayed for a while. After all, any Engineer can satisfy forty girls a day. It's part of our entrance requirements.

Well, so far I had not got a single good answer to my question. However, I was not easily discouraged. I approached another young girl, carrying a large pot, whose contents sloshed considerably. She took one look at my jacket and screamed.

"Keep away from me, you—you engineer, you! Don't you dare lay a finger on me!" This nurse was obviously scared of my Engineer's jacket. I decided not to question her any further. She was definitely hysterical.

The next character I saw seemed to be scratching his right ear with his corresponding foot. Then I saw his trouble. An oat seed was lodged in his ear. After I relieved his tormentor, he was glad to answer my

Cont'd On Page 7

### Flush Tipped Off

## Profs Cashe In On Grants, Loans

Notice has come to Flush, the Canadian people's magazine devoted against corruption and injustice, that professors at the University of Alberta are cashing in on the advantages of loans and grants destined solely for student use and discussed elsewhere on these pages.

We were tipped off about this steaming hot item several weeks ago but reserved it for publication until we were sure of the libel laws, that is, uh, the facts.

Assistant Professor Pic-See-Ugluck, teaching Eskimo at this institute of learning was the first scandalous example to be uncovered by Hay Region, one of Flush's outstanding reporters and dedicated to uncovering shame (last girl he went out with was named Shame, oddly enough, sister to Shane.)

Professor P. S. Ugluck was discovered in the line outside the Bursar's office wearing white bucks, cords, and a vee neck sweater. Region was somewhat surprised then when he overheard a professor come up and say "Good Morning Pic, out for a grant today, eh?"

Further investigation revealed that it is not at all strange for professors to apply for student loans, dressed as students. One prof actually applied for one still wearing his academic gown. When asked if he was a student, he replied, "My good girl, of course I am. Can't you see my Ivy league trousers complete with backstrap."

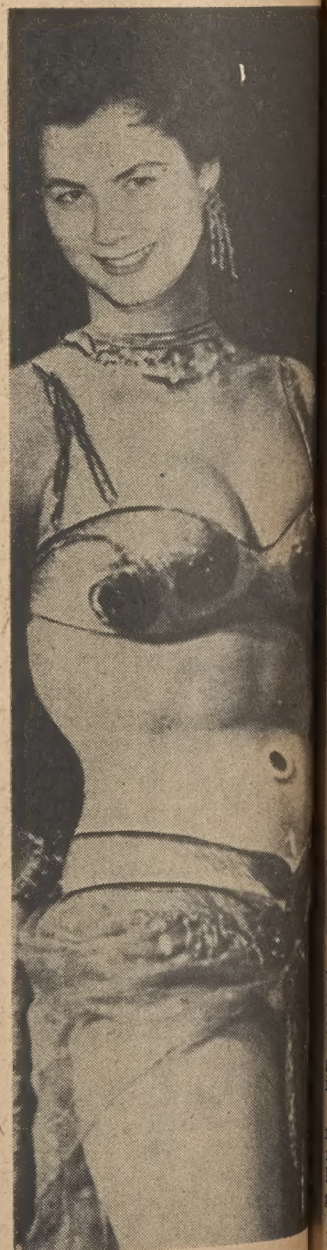
Of course it had been obvious to Region from the beginning that a university professor's salary would not go anywhere near supply the amount of money needed to support the establishments that these staff members inhabit. Not only their split-level, wall-to-wall carpeted homes but also their Cadillacs and Jaguars, their handwoven tweed jackets and the furs their wives wear are evidence of an additional source of income.

This source has been for years the grants and loans destined for the deserving students of the campus. As mentioned elsewhere the students are beginning to misuse these funds but their excuse has been that of need, need for sports cars, feminine entertainment and liquor. As anyone realizes university professors are much too old to derive any enjoyment from any of these and so are quite capable of liv-

ing on their own salary.

We, the editors of Flush, demand that the professors get their hands out of the students favorite grab bag and turn to a more useful method of making money if they need it, such as organizing prostitution on the campus.

### Need A Date?



Too Expensive, We Know



Council Approves

# Rutherford Dine And Dance

The latest and most startling news in the university circles is that Students Council has definitely approved the Stage Two plans calling for the conversion of Rutherford library into a dine, drink and dance club to be called "The Diamond Horseshoel".... The building construction plans, funds for which were approved by the Alberta Legislature on Tuesday, call for a large two-storey neon sign for advertising purposes, indirect lighting throughout, and conversion of the basement storage areas into wine and liquor cellars.

Other parts of the library will be changed also, alert Flush reporters learned yesterday. To give our readers the best coverage possible Wilhelmina Droopsnoot remained hidden in the Men's Room wastepaper basket for an hour and a half and overheard all.

The first floor reading rooms will be converted, Flush can now report, into restaurants which we believe will become select eating spots of Edumation. One such room will be devoted to sea food, another to chinese and generally oriental dishes, while the third will cater to those caring for european cooking

A famous name band, Olaf Nordstrool and His Seven Swinging Swedes, has submitted a bid to an exclusive contract for the music to be used in the second floor chandler-lighted dance hall (after the existing furniture consisting of tables, chairs, and books is thrown out).

Wall-to-wall carpeting and soft music will be the rule in the hallways, staircases, and restrooms for that intimate touch, while the main bar on the second level opposite the dance floor will have its own miniature elevator to ensure a steady flow of refreshments from the basement cellars.

TV sets are to be installed in the seminars on the third floor along with new furniture and this is to be called "The Bridal Suites."

For those who like their recreation in a different setting there will be a basement swimming pool just where the Science room happens to be, oddly enough. Down the hall in the movie room full length movies (stag shows Saturday nite) will be shown nightly for free. The open-

ing night show, we hear, will be "Outhouse of the August Moon."

At present, negotiations are being carried on with the nurses to provide live entertainment on the stage in this cozy basement theatre.

The large room on the second floor facing 112th St. will have as its decorative motif Parisian street-side cafes, with tables and bottles included.

Upon presentation of their campus "A" card students will receive discounts after making any purchase in the building. Mr. Boob Peals, of the library, said when questioned by an alert, clean-cut and intelligent Flush reporter, "This is the best thing that ever happened to the university, it's the best thing that ever happened to Edmonton, in fact, it's the best thing that ever happened to me. I plan to be working from eight to twelve here as bartender and bouncer."



These will be few regrets at the news of the proposed renovation of the library. Over the years this busy centre has become a social den where people congregate to gossip, promote, and take coffee breaks. Indeed, even the librarians have become so inebriated in the ways of social conversation that they have forgotten how to find volumes requested of them. The rare and unique student who actually wishes to study has had to flee to such comparatively quiet places as Tuck if he wishes to accomplish anything. For those such as this popular student who reclines in one of the libaries most valuable assets, greater varieties will be provided for the furtherance of their education. Flush salutes Stage two. On with popular progress!

stantly all my senses were alerted. I was entering the den of a dangerous creature I groped my way through the thick fumes of the opium smoke until, at last, I saw an Artsman!

He was cowering in a corner, snarling and spitting in my direction. His eyes were red and bleary, saliva trickled from the corners of his lips, his grubby paw clutched his pipe of opium. He was a mess!

"Tell me, why are you guys dead-beats?" I asked.

"It's not our fault!" he slobbered. "We were born that way. We are merely accidents of nature, ya know!"

I nodded knowingly. After all, not everyone could become an Engineer. There had to be some who just didn't have what it takes.

# Studio T Scene Of Sordid Sceances Simulating Several Sexy Situations

The first night audience sat pleasantly back in their seats in the University of Alberta's Studio T. and prepared to enjoy the famous Pshaw play, "The Serpent of the Nile". Notices had ballyhooded it to the skies, "Egyptian passion unfurled", "Pagan love rites revealed in play at hut", and even W. Winch had said "Definitely not for the innocent."

But even these did not prepare the densely packed through of approximately 150 persons for the piercing cry of "rape" that rang through the shack early in the second act.

Backstage some moments later Prudence Ptolemy of 112th St. and 89th Ave. panted out her story to her rescuers. Prudence, called Prude by her friends, was badly bruised.

Despite frequent lapses into incoherency she stated that a man, dressed as a Roman soldier had remained outside her dressing room after the curtain had gone up for the second act. Thinking him a member of the

Flush here reprints an article which appeared about a year ago to show that times do not change at Studio T. There is a further account below of present day conditions at the theatre, all giving our readers an intimate look into the steaming regions of the drama.

east as he was crooning "Rose Marie" softly, she was taken unawares when he suddenly ripped off his helmet, threw down his shield, sheathed his sword, tripped over his spear, and grabbed her. Her response, luckily, was immediate.

The soldier had disappeared but was later ascertained to be a deserter from the COTC barracks named J. Seizher.

This recent act of licentious behavior is all too common at Studio T. In fact it has become a national byword and been popularized into a song, "The Green Door". But shamelessly Studio T. still continues its practices. Lights are seen flickering on and off into the early morning hours while people flow in and out of the huts, ostensibly for "rehearsals". Flush knows better.

When interviewed later in the evening, Mr. Bordon of Studio T. expressed his profound regrets at such an occurrence and, with his colleague, Mr. Olivier Bicker, stated his

intention of cleaning up the theatre from backdrop to sound booth with brooms if need be.

Now, a year later what is the result of all this? The current offering, "Place of Entrance", plays its second scene from a bed. The "one-armed bandit" or Coca Cola dispenser still charges an average of 30c for a drink. Sneak "Hollywood" previews still extend well into the early hours of the morning.

The men's dressing room has no door and rules for the use of either men's or women's dressing rooms are vague indeed and more honored in the breach than in the observance. Men's trousers are seen hanging in the women's rooms and there is toilet paper all over the make-up tables.

The authorities still have not seen fit to install a restroom in the building and makeshift offices in the rear lend a cheap look to the already shoddy atmosphere of the building. Flush again demands a cleanup.

Drink . . .

Lambert's  
Moose  
Milk

Favorite drink of the Ulcer Bowl

"You consume it,  
It consumes you!"

# Slide Rule, Flask Aid In Search

question. "I think it has something to do with the local soil zones, or possibly it was caused by some plant blight!"

I thanked him profusely. It was the first sensible answer that I had got all day. By now I was near the Arts building. There I saw at the back entrance, an Arts and Science girl. She had a weary and disillusioned look in her eyes.

When I asked her the question, I received this mournful answer: "I really don't know. When I first came here, I thought Artsmen were mental giants, superb physical specimens. But I find that they're nothing but a bunch of slobes! I shoulda registered in Engineering!"

I moved on from this sad case and entered into the Arts building. In-



Flush Nominates

# Chappel For Queen



Flush proposes ever-lovin' Chappel as Queen candidate! Just look how he 'stacks up' when flanked by queen contestants Mary-Wynne Moar and Carol Evenson. With his shining personality and neon-lighted block A sweater to make up where thinks are lacking, we think our Pres. is a sure cinch.

## Vote Chappel



But then don't overlook his underpinnings! Have you ever seen such shapely (if hairy) legs? And note the touching make-up of his face. For a queen that will always be fresh, Engineers, vote Chappel!

# McGoun Cup Returns After 12 Years Absence

After an absence of 12 years the McGoun Cup, emblematic of western intercollegiate debating supremacy, has returned to the University of Alberta. U of A debaters won unanimous decisions both here and at the University of British Columbia Friday night.

Alberta's team composed of John Paterson, arts 5; Lou Hyndman, law 1; Len Leigh, law 2 and Bob Roberts, theology 1 successfully debated the question: "Resolved that in the best interests of democracy governing bodies should be denied all powers of censorship."

Debates were held simultaneously at the four western universities with each universities affirmative team debating at home, while its negative team travelled to another university. Each team scored one point for each judge's vote and one point for each win. Thus, Alberta obtained eight points, the highest possible total.

Manitoba, winner for the past six years, was defeated by UBC but was victorious over Saskatchewan.

Debating in Con hall, Leigh and Roberts won an unanimous decision over the negative team from U of S, Dan Bereskin, an engineer and Norm Rebin, an arts student.

Leigh and Roberts defended the affirmative side of the resolution by contending that censorship is a denial of human freedom—the basis of democracy. They argued that censorship should be the right of the individual but that the government had usurped that right. Education and leadership were offered as the answer to government censorship.

The negative team based its argument on the grounds that "censorship is a reasonable restriction in the interests of democracy."

# Queen Kidnapped By Escorts, Flush Editor Pulls Stunt

By Colin F. Campbell

An engineer's queen candidate, Alice Wartenbe, sponsored by the first year students, was kidnapped about noon Sunday under the most shocking conditions with which this experienced reporter has yet dealt with. From what could be ascertained, the dastardly deed happened in the following way.

About Tuesday of last week, a certain engineer-turned artsman named Robert Vaughan arranged a date with Alice for Saturday night, which she innocently accepted, not realizing the treacherous nature of the date, and not having been warned by her campaign manager, Jim Samborski.

Meanwhile the scheming Vaughan contacted Ian Spence, the beloved editor of this rag, (who has a previous reputation with engineers) and the latter also arranged a date with another young lady who has not been identified at this time.

In the meantime, the charming victim of this dastardly plot was told the brutal facts of queen week, and arranged to stay with a relative Saturday night to avoid the villainous artsmen.

Saturday night proceeded with misgivings for Queen Alice when she realized that my shifty editor was along on this foursome. But the two fiends were at least behaving themselves when this columnist chanced to see them later in the evening. When the time came to break up, Alice informed her friends that someone was to meet her and take her to her relatives and quick good-byes followed.

But our two coniving knaves doublecrossed our heroine. She had ordered a taxi to her hideout and they followed it, unknown to her. This conduct is reprehensible in the extreme, unchivalrous, and in short, a dirty deed. Engineers, rise in the name of womanhood!

It was sometime the next morning upon the queen's return from church that she was forced into a waiting car and kidnapped by her suitor of the previous evening and his equally sneaky friend, the proud editor of this tabloid.

This type of action is not to be tolerated on the U of A campus. If

this sort of action is kept up the fair Alberta womanhood will distrust us, the male, and dates, already hard to come by for some of us, will be impossible. May my editor and his friend's soak well in the hydraulic pit.

FLUSH!

Much to the disgust of my editor Artsmen returned Miss Wartenbe to engineers after the latter threatened to withdraw her from the queen competition late Saturday night.

## Tollestrup Bright Spot

# Hoopsters Lose To Bisons Over Weekend

The University of Alberta Golden Bear basketball team lost two games over the week-end to the seasoned veterans of the University of Manitoba. The first game, played Friday night ended with the U of M Bisons ahead 83-41. The second game was also the Bisons' with Alberta finishing on the small end of a 77-52 score.

Al Tollestrup led the Alberta point-getters with a 16 point performance in the first game and 20 points in the second. Don Munro followed with 8 points on Friday and 12 points on Saturday night.

Jim Wright of the Bisons, was stopped two points short of his 1,000th point as a college basketball player. Although he hit for 30 points on Friday night, he garnered only 17 on his next game and was ultimately stopped short of his goal.

# Bear Pucksters Blast Saskatchewan Huskies

University of Alberta Golden Bears blasted the University of Saskatchewan Huskies 16-2 and 11-1 in two games over the weekend.

Friday night's game saw the Bears score four goals in the first period, 8 in the second and 4 in the third with Saskatchewan scoring their only two markers in the first stanza.

On Saturday the Bears held to a 1-1 tie in the first period however they came back to bank home five goals in the second and five in the third frame to win 11-1.